

# Summer Reading



A Literary Companion for the Season.

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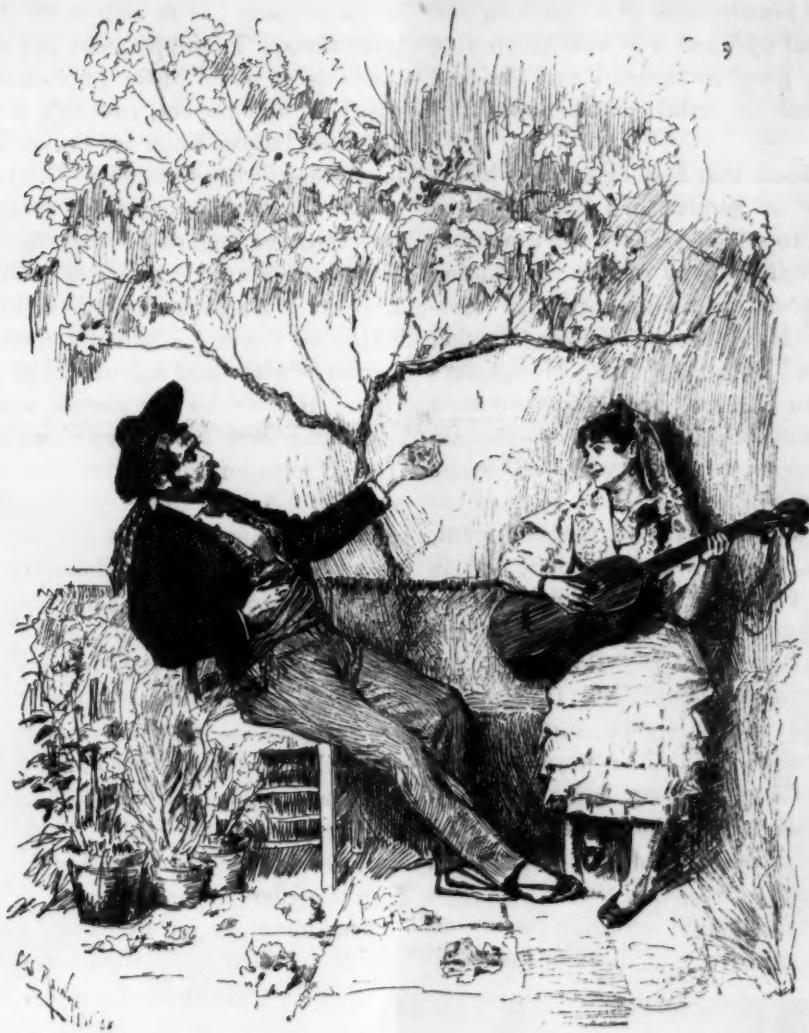
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The fashionable society girl, enervated with late hours and satiated with theatres, operas, and flirtations; the ambitious business man, weary of his unceasing efforts to keep the family coffers full; the professional man, an uncomplaining martyr to his duties, and the patient, overworked employé, are all moved by the same impulse at this season, the desire to get away from the heated "bricks and mortar," the dust, dirt, and turmoil of the city; the natural wish of man and woman for a change of scene, the hope to find refreshment for mind and body in the green fields and forests, or on the mountain peaks of the country, or by the rolling surf of the sea, and thus return better fitted for the winter's pleasures or duties.

That the hegira of the "400" has already begun is proven by the boarded up fronts and dusty stoops of the fashionable part of the city. Their

footsteps, this summer, are mostly directed to the other side, the Paris Exposition holding out many attractions to tourists. A trip to Europe, however, is no longer a pleasure monopolized by the wealthy. Even time has been conquered by the fast steamers, so that with a couple of months' holiday and a few hundred dollars, say four or five, one may compass wonders. A visit to the British Isles, a run into Germany and a voyage down the Rhine, a week in Paris, and a couple of weeks in Rome are within the possibilities of this apparently brief space of time and small sum of money.

Nowhere does literary culture multiply one's pleasure as in travel through Europe. On all sides we are met with historical and literary associations; with charming remembrances of favorite authors, with scenes they have immortalized through some heroic, romantic, or amusing story, or peopled with the ideal figures of their imagination.

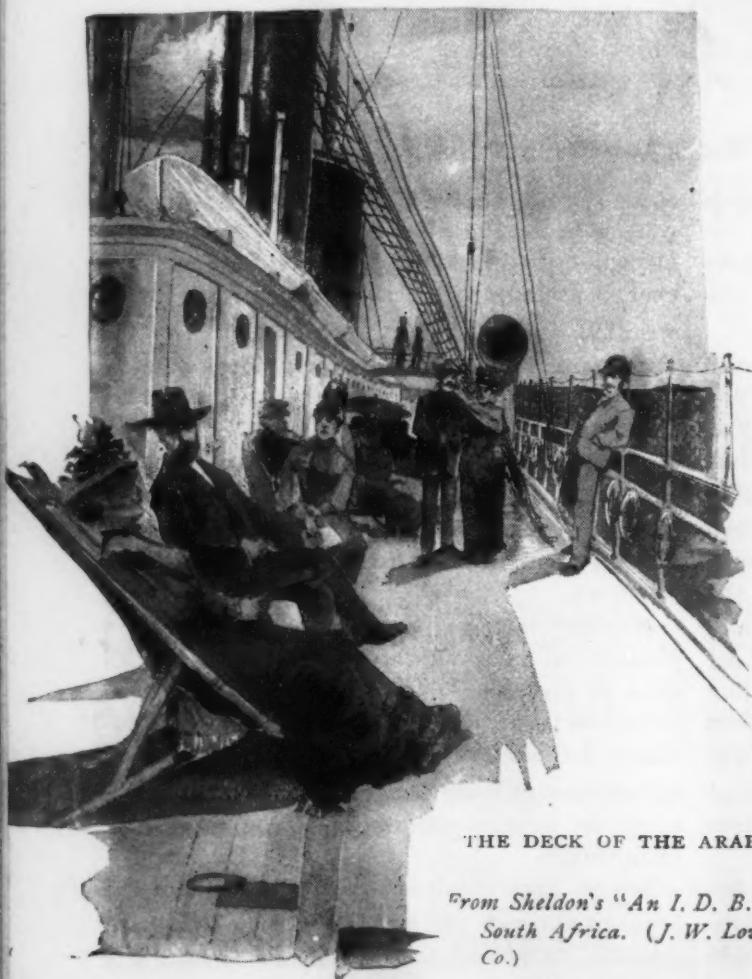
Not to have obtained this special basis of enjoyment through preliminary reading is a great mistake. The voyage over, if one is fortunate

enough to escape sea-sickness, is a charming opportunity to "read up," and it is well to provide one's self with a good guide-book and the best literary authorities on certain cities and countries.

A little guide-book that may be carried habitually in a lady's or gentleman's pocket is the most convenient to select. There are a number of these handy guides in the market, containing all necessary information for a short trip. Cassell's "Pocket Guide to Europe," Knox's "Pocket Guide to Europe" (Putnam), and Houghton's "Satchel Guide to Europe" are among the most complete and most popular. They all contain hints and suggestions preparatory to the voyage and cover almost the same ground of travel—that is, the "regulation" trip on the continent, taking in Russia, Norway and Sweden, and in the case of Knox's "Guide" extending south to the Holy Land—and of course in all cases the British Isles, Italy, Germany, France, Spain. They all possess directories of hotels, time-tables, information about money, sights worth seeing, etc. They differ slightly in some minor particulars, Knox and Cassell having some pages of useful "Travel talk in four languages" and the "Satchel Guide" a number of excellent folded maps. "Appletons' European Guide," in two volumes, is of course more comprehensive and naturally more expensive, but most desirable in

all particulars. It is rich both in maps and illustrations. To supplement any of these guide-books is a novel little publication, sufficiently small for the pocket, covering a special ground—"The Index Guide to Travel and Art Study in Europe," by Lafayette C. Loomis (Scribners). It offers information arranged in alphabetical order regarding the chief art treasures in the celebrated galleries and museums of Europe. Another handy volume is Knox's "How to Travel" (Putnam), embodying the condensed wisdom and experience of a veteran traveller. It provides for almost every emergency, and saves one much wear and tear of mind. To jot down one's thoughts is a little interleaved volume, "Across the Atlantic" (Randolph), also embracing some religious reading in the way of daily Scripture texts. Baedeker and Murray, for years the standard European guides, are libraries in themselves. There are separate volumes not only for every country of Europe, but for the Holy Land and the East. They are replete with the most exact and minute information. In many cases a volume is devoted to one city, and nothing could be suggested more comprehensive and thorough. Their voluminousness is, however, often an objection to the rapid American traveller.

The novel is an excellent medium through which to imbibe information unconsciously—a favorite method of the lazy. Few efforts of the best writers but offer a background of the scenery and customs of some special country. Dickens has made England, London in particular, as familiar as our own soil. Scott had done the same for Scotland. If any one's education is so far neglected as not to know these delightful writers, let him remedy the neglect at once, and become a wiser, better, and happier man. Burns might be read also before entering Scotland and two novels of Amelia Barr, "Jan Vedder's Wife" and "Daughter of Fife." Froude's "Two Chiefs of Dunboy" teems with vivid pictures of Ireland, and Hardy's "Wessex Tales" with rare descriptions of English nature. The majority of English novels give a glimpse of nature. Black's "Princess of Thule" is still read for its entrancing pictures of the Scotch Highlands and his "Strange Adventures of a Phaeton" for its exquisite glimpses of rural England. His latest novels follow somewhat in these same lines, "In Far Lochaber" going back to the scenes of his early triumphs and "The Strange Adventures of a House-Boat" describing a novel voyage through some of the noted rivers of England.

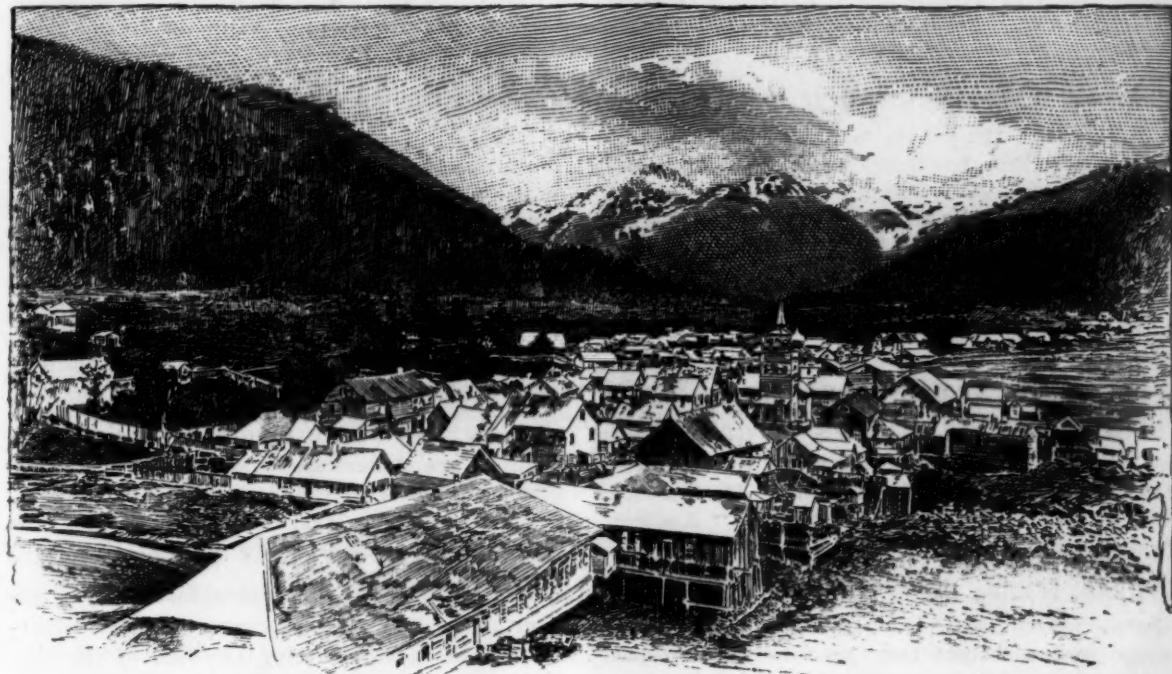


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beautiful scenery of the Alps. Crawford, in his late novel, "Greifenstein," paints the Black Forest in most attractive hues, and gives a most realistic sketch of German student life at Heidelberg. Two of the sweetest stories ever penned, "The Initials" and "At Odds," have never been excelled in their portrayal of domestic life in Munich and in their descriptions of the rich scenery of the Bavarian Alps and the Tyrol. One of the Mülbach novels, "Marie Teresa," gives an excellent idea of Vienna. George Sand's "Consuelo" has its scene also laid in Vienna for a while,



SITKA.

From Woodman's "Picturesque Alaska." (Copyright, 1889, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

political life are set forth with a rare power in two new English novels, McCarthy and Praed's "The Ladies' Gallery" and "The Rebel Rose." The historical, biographical, and literary side of London are particularly noted in several standard guides—Hare's "Walks in London," Pascoe's "London of To-Day," and Hutton's "Literary Landmarks of London." Richard Grant White's "England Without and Within" is more in the form of critical essays of English life and character. James' new volume of short stories, "A London Life," is in his best vein and full of local color. A little low-priced publication for the pocket is Gillig's "New Guide to London."

Heine is one among many German writers who have written of the bold, wild scenery of Germany. His "Travel Pictures" and "Tour in the Harz" should be known to all tourists. They are full of brilliant descriptions and legendary information. Auerbach's "Black Forest Stories" describe one of the most noted and picturesque spots in Germany, and his "Edelweiss" the

though afterwards transferred to Italy. Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon" may be read in Switzerland and his "Childe Harold" on the way to Italy.

The most authentic guides for France are Hare's "Walks in Paris" and "Days Near Paris." They have been prepared with great care, and are rich in literary extracts from the best writers. They are both delightful books to read leisurely. A most delightful summer voyage made in a canal-boat is described by Philip Gilbert Hamerton in "The Sâone," one of his recent works, and Robert L. Stevenson, some years ago, gave an account, in "An Inland Voyage," of a canoe voyage through the rivers of France and Belgium. Mr. and Mrs. Pennell tell of an ideal trip on wheels in "Our Sentimental Journey Through France and Italy." In fiction George Sand has written best of French rural life. Paris is the theme of the majority of recent novel-writers. Late translations are Ohnet's "Dr. Rameau," Alphonse Daudet's "The Immortal," a satire

upon the French Academy, and Ernest Daudet's "The Apostate," a powerful story of Paris under the Second Empire.

Italy has an immense literature written in its honor. Few countries need so thorough a preparation to be able to fully appreciate its vast artistic treasures and the historical value of its modern researches. For Venice we would suggest for the art student Ruskin's "Stones of Venice" and Howells' "Venetian Days." For general reading two of Howells' earlier stories and two of the most picturesque he has written, "A Foregone Conclusion" and "A Fearful Responsibility," both of Venice some thirty years ago. Cooper's "Bravo" tells something of Venice, and "Consuelo" may again be profitably consulted in Venice. Florence, dear to all English hearts through the graves of Mrs. Browning and Theodore Parker, has never been more exhaustively studied than in George Eliot's "Romola." The traveller has it put before him continually as the best guide to be had of the wonders of this beautiful old city. Rome is exhaustively treated by Baedeker and in Hare's "Walks in Rome." Other valuable works, rich in out-of-the-way information and interesting descriptions, are Story's "Roba di Roma," Hawthorne's "Marble Faun" and "Italian Note-Books," About's "Rome of To-Day," Forbes' "Rambles in Rome," Madame de Staël's "Corinne," and Lanciani's "Ancient Rome." The latter is a narrative of the new excavations, reading like a fairy tale. Crawford's "Saracinesca" and "Marzio's Crucifix" are unique in the insight they give to Roman life among the patricians and the people. For Southern Italy read Forbes' "Rambles in Naples" and Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii."

If time admits of a run into Spain reread Irving's "Tales of the Alhambra" and some of the new Spanish novels, "Dragon's Teeth," "Leon Roch," or "Maximina." Mrs. Burnett's "Pretty Sister of José" is a charming love-tale of Spain and bull-fights and matadors.

Longfellow's collection of poetry called "Poems of Places" gathers together the utterance of hundreds of poets on the beauties of nature in Europe and America. The thirty-one volumes represent almost as many parts of the globe. Another poetical collection, rich in exquisite poems on the birds, trees and flowers, and the varied scenery of the old and new world, is Oscar Fay Adams' "Through the Year with the Poets." There is a volume for each month, "June," "July," and "August," being rich in summer reading.

After the rich and picturesque scenery of Europe, a vacation spent in one's native land may seem a tame affair. But there are plenty nooks and corners rivalling the Old World in attraction,

Mr. James Bryce to the contrary. To escape that "uniformity of American life" and "American nature" that so oppresses the foreign visitor, we must leave the great centres. Get away from the summer hotels and seaside resorts, with their hosts of monotonous men and women, and fly to the solitudes of nature. We cannot recommend for the "dog days" either Mexico, Florida, or California, although they have lately been written about most eloquently. But the early fall would do for such journeys as are described in Nordhoff's "Peninsular California," Holder's "All About Pasadena," Harcourt's "Home Life in Florida," Smith's "A White Umbrella in Mexico," and Blake and Sullivan's "Mexico." "Picturesque Alaska" sounds cool—the subject nevertheless having warmly inspired Abby Johnson Woodman—as does also Murray's "Daylight Land," travel along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railroad through Canada to Vancouver City on the Pacific. Roosevelt's "Ranch Life" invites one to the West, as does Roberts' "Shoshone and Other Western Wonders." Warner's "On Horseback" leads one through some of the Southern States by picturesque and out-of-the-way roads.

The majority of the following novels which we quote are American in scene and character and descriptive of particular parts of the country. They represent, besides, the cream of the new American novels—any one of them being certain of satisfying the taste of the most fastidious novel-reader. One would be well provided with entertaining reading in selecting any one of the list. Mrs. Chanler's (Amelia Rives) new novels are "The Witness of the Sun" and "Virginia of Virginia." The first relates to Italy; the second, as the title shows, is laid in Virginia. Miss Murfree's "Despot of Broomsedge Cove" is exclusively descriptive of life in the Cumberland valley. Howe's "A Man Story," Kirkland's "The McVeys," and Eggleston's "The Greysons" are Western stories. Bret Harte's "Cressy" is of the early days of California. Bates' "The Philistines" takes place in Boston. Howells' "Annie Kilburn" is a New England story, and Miss Jewett's "The King of Folly Island," a collection of New England sketches. Miss Dodd's "Glorinda" gives a glimpse of Southern nature in Kentucky. Sidney Luska's "Grandison Mather," "A Daughter of Eve" by the author of "Margaret Kent," and Stimson's "First Harvest," are all stories of New York. A. S. Hardy's "Passe Rose," though a story of the time of Charlemagne, is so good it may be included in this list, also Miss Howard's "Open Door," a story of Germany, and Mrs. Barr's "Remember the Alamo," a story of the independence of Texas.



IN THE LIBRARY.

From "Sweet Brier." (Copyright, 1889, by D. Lothrop Company.)

#### Success in Society.

From M. E. W. Sherwood's "Sweet Brier." (Lothrop.)

THE "season" at Saratoga was at its height. The United States Hotel looked like the palace at Versailles, as the beautifully-dressed women walked about in their floating white and delicate colored summer dresses, or sat, reading or sewing, on that picturesque corridor.

The band was playing one of Waldteuffel's waltzes, and two or three pretty girls started up an impromptu dance at the door of one of the cottages.

"Don't do that, girls," said the voice of a lady, who was in all the pride of the beauty of middle age and in all the glory of a summer toilette which had the *cachet* of Worth.

This was Mrs. Bestwick, the acknowledged leader of New York fashion and the mother of Mabel Bestwick, who was one of the dancers.

"Why not, mamma?" said her daughter, stopping immediately and coming to her mother's side.

"Because it is not *the thing*, my dear. You see gentlemen are turning to look at you, and this veranda is common property. If people wish to walk to their rooms they do not care to be interrupted by a German cotillion. There is time enough and opportunity enough to dance at the hops."

"But I am sure dancing is innocent," said Mabel's cousin, Phyllis, dropping her girl-partner with some suddenness and approaching her aunt.

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Bestwick; "many things are innocent in themselves which are inappropriate. Young girls like Mabel and yourself cannot be too careful at a crowded watering-place like Saratoga."

Phyllis was a tall, dark-eyed, conspicuous-look-

ing girl, and evidently felt that she was a law unto herself; for, leaving her aunt and cousin, she waltzed off the territory of Mrs. Bestwick's veranda, to that of the Fisher girls, who with their father and maid and governess occupied a cottage once removed from that of Mrs. Bestwick, where she continued dancing,

Mabel had dropped into a chair by her mother's side, and had taken up her crochet. She noticed the color deepen in her mother's cheek at this audacious disobedience on the part of her cousin Phyllis, and strove to soothe the annoyance which Mrs. Bestwick naturally felt.

"It is so hard for Phyllis to tone herself down, mamma," said Mabel. "She has had such freedom at Haffreysburg, and all our conventionalities seem so thin and poor and unreasonable and unnecessary to her."

"Why does she not stay there, then, and enjoy freedom? Why did she decide to enter society if she cannot bring herself to obey its laws? Your father would have made it pleasant for her to stay at Haffreysburg, if she had so decided."

"Oh, mamma, all girls want to get into society and to enjoy Saratoga, and Newport, and New York, particularly those who live far away from these places, just as I long for Paris and the London season! It was the most natural choice for poor Phyllis to make."

Mabel stole a soft hand into her mother's and played with her splendid diamond rings.

Her mother clasped the little rosy hand. "You are always a peacemaker, dear, and the best of Books says, 'The peacemaker shall inherit the earth.' It is really very good of you to plead the cause of your cousin as you do. But were you not such a success in society yourself, I could not have had the good nature to take this savage, our Haffreysburg relative, about with you, my precious Mabel!"

"What is success in society, dear mamma?" said Mabel, dropping the jewelled hand. "What is success in society?"

Mrs. Bestwick laughed.

"Success in society is like electricity, it makes itself felt, seen, while it is in itself the result of a power unseen and indescribable," she said, rather gravely.

"Success in society is what we really crave for ourselves—and especially for our daughters," she added, feeling for her daughter's hand again.

### Two Fair Riders.

From Sheldon's "J. D. B. in South Africa." (John W. Lovell.)

DAINTY loved to ride, and heretofore Donald had always accompanied her in these equestrian pleasures. But as solitude wrapped him up more and more, Schwatka began to take the place at her side. As soon as the outskirts of the town were reached, she would give rein to her horse, and together they would speed over the veldt. The color came to her cheeks, and a sparkle to her eye, which made her look like an houri in the rosy morn.

Kate Darcy's morning ride was also her chief delight. Seated on her horse "Beauty," she would leave the camp locked in slumber, and scamper across the barren waste of country, to greet the first rays of the rising sun. Fearless and independent in all her actions, she had learned to rely on her own judgment, and to adapt herself to her surroundings. On several occasions she had seen a couple of equestrians appear on the horizon; and as the outline of their forms became visible, and she had recognized Herr Schwatka and Dainty, with a word her horse would shoot away in an opposite direction. She knew human nature, and perceived that the Austrian was gaining a mental ascendancy over her friend. Was this to be the beginning of the too oft repeated story of mistaken love? If so she would avoid seeing a human spider weave his web at that beautiful hour of the day. So she would shake off a sensation of depression, and, in love with dear old Mother Nature, free as air she would bound away, until they were lost to view; only so restored to mental quiet. With swift and graceful motions "Beauty" flew across the shrubless plain, and when she talked to him caressingly, he would shake his head and lift his ears with as much expression in them as in a coquette's eyes, and dash forward with a sense of untrammelled delight.

As "Beauty" leaped ditches and hillocks, Kate would laugh aloud with the spirit of freedom which filled her; that spirit which fills the air of old Africa, with its spiky-topped mountains and its barbaric elements, which exploration, civilization, and Christianity have not conquered. The sleeping barbarian within wakes more or less in every human heart, attuned to nature, when in Africa.

At times, the hollowness and baubles of civilization, with its art and science, its looms, wheels, and fiery engines, its conventionalities and restrictions, contrasted with the sun-baths, health, and ignorance of disease, in the Zulu mind, with its contented pastoral existence, its adherence to the laws of morality, virtue, and cleanliness, suggests the question: "What is gained by civilization?"

SOME men have blossomed out in new spring suits, while others still remain seedy.—*Puck*.

### Sixty and Six; or, A Fountain of Youth.

FONS, DELICIUM, DOMUS.—*Martial*.

From Higginson's "The Afternoon Landscape." (Longmans, Green.)

Joy of the morning,  
Darling of dawning,  
Blithe little, lithe little daughter of mine!  
While with thee ranging  
Sure I'm exchanging  
Sixty of my years for six like thine.  
Wings cannot vie with thee  
Gay as the thistle-down over the lea.  
Life is all magic,  
Comic or tragic,  
Played as thou playest it daily with me.

Floating and ringing,  
Thy merry singing  
Comes when the light comes, like that of the birds.  
List to the play of it!  
That is the way of it;  
All's in the music and naught in the words.  
Glad or grief-laden,  
Schubert or Haydn,  
Ballad of Erin or merry Scotch lay;  
Like an evangel,  
Some baby angel,  
Brought from sky-nursery stealing away.  
Surely I know it,  
Artist or poet  
Guesses my treasure of jubilant hours.  
Sorrows, what are they?  
Nearer or far, they  
Vanish in sunshine, like dew from the flowers.  
Years, I am glad of them;  
Would that I had of them  
More and yet more, while thus mingled with thine  
Age, I make light of it,  
Fear not the sight of it.  
Time's but our playmate, whose toys are divine.

### Letter from Prosper Merimee's "Inconnue."

From "An Author's Love." (Macmillan & Co.)

PARIS, Thursday, 23d November.

FINDING that I must resign myself, I do so with as good grace as possible. The whole morning of yesterday I spent at the Louvre, going first of all to see my beloved Venus de Milo. The calm, passionless beauty of her face always throws a spell over me; it begins to work as I first see her from the end of the long gallery after mounting the staircase and turning to the left, and it grows in its subtness at every step which brings me nearer to the fair, still woman. Very strongly do I incline to the opinion that she is no Venus; there is too much restfulness, which tells of strength, in the face, too much meaning and depth of feeling to be the emblem of Love's goddess. If her beautiful lost arms could be found and fitted to her gracious figure, I feel sure they would never take the senseless pose given to the arms of the Venus of the Capitol, or to the Venus de Medicis. After looking long and with satisfying fulness at the still, lovely woman in stone, I went upstairs to the picture gallery, and passing by the general favorites, around which there is always a crowd, I walked on until I came to two paintings which always attract me: they hang nearly opposite to each other, and are "The Angel's Kitchen" and the "Birth of the Virgin." The faces of the child-angels are bewitching, and their wings so downy you can almost feel their soft young feathers. To-morrow I mean to go to a place I have often wished to see, yet never have, in spite of the many years during which off and on I have found myself in Paris, and this place is the Conciergerie. If ever a spot was hallowed by human suffering it is that small low room within the frowning building by the bank of the Seine, the room where Marie Antoinette lived through hours of agony. Adieu.

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## Two Contented Girls.

From Carey's "Merle's Crusade." (Lippincott Co.)

" You are a strange girl," Gay said, slowly, looking at me with large, puzzled eyes. " I did not know before that girls could be so dreadfully in earnest, but I like to listen to you. I am afraid my life will shock you, Miss Fenton; not that I

vases to fill, and the bees and the garden? and in the afternoon I ride with father; and there is tennis, or archery, or boating; and in the evening if I did not sing to him—well, he would be so dull, for Adelaide always reads to herself, and if I do not sing I talk to him, or play at chess; and then there is no time for anything; and so the days go on."



AFTERNOON ON THE BEACH.

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" Surely it is not wrong to amuse yourself."

" Not wrong, perhaps," with a little laugh; " but I lead a butterfly existence, and yet I am always busy, too. How is one to find time for reading and improving one's self or working for the poor, when there are all my pets to feed, and the flower

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" Not useless; but look at Violet's life beside mine."

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"Surely it is not wrong to amuse yourself."

"Not wrong, perhaps," with a little laugh; "but I lead a butterfly existence, and yet I am always busy, too. How is one to find time for reading and improving one's self or working for the poor, when there are all my pets to feed, and the flower

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"Not useless; but look at Violet's life beside mine."

"In my opinion your sister works too much; she is using up health and energy most recklessly. Perhaps you might do more with your time, but it cannot be a useless life if you are your father's

companion. By your own account you ride with him, sing to him, and talk to him. This may be your work as much as being a nurse is mine."

"You are very merciful in your judgment," she said, with a crisp laugh, as she rose from the window-seat. "What a strange conversation we have had! What would Adelaide have thought of it? She is always scolding me for being irresponsible and wasting time, and even father calls me his 'humming-bird.' You have comforted me a little, though I must confess my conscience endorses their opinion. Good-night, Miss Fenton. Violet calls you Merle, does she not? and it is such a pretty name. The other sounds dreadfully stiff." And she took up her lamp and left the room, humming a Scotch ballad as she went, leaving me to take up my neglected work, and ponder over our conversation.

"Were they right in condemning her as a frivolous idler?" I wondered; but I knew too little of Gay Cheriton to answer that question. Only in creation one sees beautiful butterflies and humming-birds as well as working-bees. All are not called upon to labor. A happy few live in the sunshine, like gauzy-winged insects in the ambient air. Surely to cultivate cheerfulness; to be happy with innocent happiness; to love and minister to those we love, may be work of another grade. We must be careful not to point out our own narrow groove as the general footway. The All-Father has diversity of work for us to do, and all is not of the same pattern.

#### A California Kindergartner.

From Wiggins' "The Story of Patsy." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

MONDAY morning came as mornings do come, bringing to the overworked body and mind a certain languor difficult to shake off. As I walked down the dirty little street, with its rows of old-clothes shops, saloons, and second-hand furniture stores, I called several of my laggards, and gave them friendly warning. "Quarter of nine, Mrs. Finnigan!" "Bless me soul, darlin'! Well, I will hurry up my childern, that I will; but the baby was that bad with whoopin'-cough last night that I never got three winks meself, darlin'!"

"All right; never mind the apron; let Jimmy walk on with me, and I will give him one at school." Jimmy trots proudly at my side, munching a bit of baker's pie and carrying my basket. I drop into Mrs. Powers' suite of apartments in Rosalie Alley, and find Lafayette Powers still in bed. His twelve-year-old sister and guardian, Hildegarde, has overslept, as usual, and breakfast is not in sight. Mrs. Powers goes to a dingy office up-town at eight o'clock, her present mission in life being the healing of the nations by means of mental science. It is her fourth vocation in two years, the previous ones being tissue-paper flowers, lustre painting, and the agency for a high-class stocking-supporter. I scold Hildegarde roundly, and she scrambles sleepily about the room to find a note that Mrs. Powers has left for me. I rejoin my court in the street, and open the letter with anticipation.

#### Miss Kate.

DEAR MADDAM: You complain of Lafayette's never getting to school till eleven o'clock. It is not my affare as Hildegarde has full charge of him and I never interfear, but I would suggest that if you believe in him he will do better. Your unbelleef sapps his will powers. you have only reproved him for being late. why not incourage him say by paying his 5 cents a morning for a wile to get amung his little maits on the stroak of nine! "declare for good and good will work for you" is one of our sayings.

I have not time to treat Lafayette myself my business being so engrossing but if you would take a few minits each night and deny Fear along the 5 avanues you could heel him. Say there is no time in the infinit over and over before you go to sleep. This will lift fear off of Lafayette, fear of being late and he will get there in time.

Yours for Good,

MRS. POWERS, Mental Heeler.

Oh, what a naughty, ignorant, amusing, hypocritical, pathetic world it is! I tuck the note in my pocket to brighten the day for Helen, and we pass on.

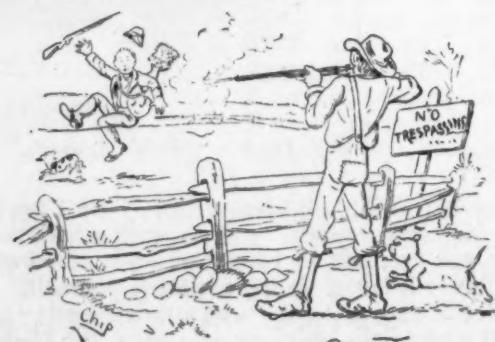
#### The Angler of To-Day.

From Kit Clarke's "Where the Trout Hide." (Brentano's.)

THERE is no recreation in which a man can engage that will bring an equal reward in renewed health like a day or a week wandering or wading along a woodland brook in quest of its trout. The water is as sweet and bright and pure as if the Woodland Queen had brought it direct from its source in a silver chalice. Where the stream broadens the angler's purpose broadens; where it is shoal he is careless; he understands its every ripple, its dark depths, its rocky undulations, and its mad rushes; its lullaby haunts him forever. "When I would beget content, and increase confidence in the power, and wisdom, and providence of Almighty God, I will walk by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and the very many other various little living creatures that are not only created, but fed, we know not how, by the goodness of the God of nature. No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed angler."

The world and civilization have advanced since Walton toyed beside the Dove, and that saint of good anglers never felt the thrill of our modern and marvellous split bamboo rod. The many improved facilities to-day's sportsmen command in the enjoyment of their health-giving pastime, and the continual discovery of new haunts of the finny tribe, have created an increased desire for the recreation and an added interest in piscatorial pleasures.

Good troutting in the East is a difficult thing to find, for the numerous beautiful lakes and streams that were once teeming with these finny fighters now offer only the charms of solitude and lonely scenery. These are attractive to lovers of quiet resting retreats, but the jewelled princes of the waters have departed, and the sportsman, seeking for diversion with rod and line, must explore distant places if he wishes to discover sequestered nooks where the trout hide.



MAKING GAME OF HIM.

From "Fun from 'Life.'" (F. A. Stokes & Bro.)

## St. Marc the Critic.

From Sidney Luska's "Grandison Mather." (Cassell.)

"WELL, I've read your novel."

Tom straightened up a little.

"Yes, I've read it. I'll tell you one thing about it at once: it's chock-full of faults. It's fairly riddled with them."

Tom's spirits sank.

"But I'll add this: if it weren't full of faults, I should have no hope for you. How old are you?"

"I'm twenty-four."

"Well, if a man at twenty-four should write a faultless novel, I should give him up as a hopeless case."

Tom smiled. His spirits rose a degree or two.

"Yes, it's full of faults. It's crude, it's exaggerated, it's exuberant, it's young. Oh, I can't stop to enumerate all its faults. But then it has lots of merit, too. To begin with, it's tremendously interesting. A novel must be tremendously interesting if an old stager like myself can't put the manuscript down when he has once taken it up. I read it through yesterday at a sitting. Yes, it's interesting. When I had finished it, I said to myself, 'How young this fellow is! He has all the weakness and all the strength of youth. Never again, so long as he lives, will he be able to write a book so absurdly, delightfully, revivingly young. He'll get over this crudity of youth, but he'll lose this freshness and charm of youth, by the same token.' It's the obverse of the book's faultiness that makes its merit. It's full of the imagination, the impetuosity, the illusion, the go, of your age. You'll never be able to do it again; but then you'll never want to. Once is enough."

"Then," Tom ventured, "you think that it is too crude to publish?"

"Oh, no, no; you mustn't jump to conclusions that way. I'll tell you precisely what I think, how I feel, about it. No, I don't think it's too crude to publish. I realize perfectly all that can be urged against a young man's rushing into print; but if he's ever to print, he's got to begin some time with something; and I should say you had better begin now with this. It's a great help to see yourself in print, to hear yourself criticised, to feel yourself *en rapport* with the public. It helps you to measure yourself, to understand yourself. It helps your development, your growth. Yes, I should advise you to publish this book by all means, provided you can find a publisher. Then, too, you might as well get some money out of it, in return for the time and labor you have put into it. I suppose you're not above the money consideration, eh?"

"Indeed I'm not. That to me is one of the most important considerations. But the probability of my finding a publisher—that, I suppose, is slight?"

"Well, I don't know. Publishers' readers are not all Oglethorpes. If I were a publisher's read-

er I should accept it. First, because of its actual interest, but chiefly because of what I believe it promises. That is, I think you show here that you've got the right stuff in you; and that, with a little more experience and practice, you'll be able to write a thoroughly good thing. So far, you've been simply getting your hand in. Now



MARSHALL P. WILDER.

From "The People I've Smiled With." (Cassell &amp; Co.)

that you've got it in to a certain extent, you must go ahead and give us a stunner. If I were a publisher, I should take a mortgage on you by bringing out this one."

Tom sank back in his chair, drawing a deep breath.

"Well, anyhow, I'm going to offer it to Margate & Lee," Mr. St. Marc declared, "and let it take its chances. But, first, I'm going to ask you to make a change or two."

"Of course I shall be very glad to make any changes that you will suggest," said Tom. "Your suggestions will be of the utmost value to me."

"Well, here," rejoined Mr. St. Marc, who had crossed over to his writing-table and fished Tom's manuscript out from the clutter atop it. "Chapter Thirteen—here, I think all this ought to be changed in this way."

He went on to indicate specifically, and to justify with reasons, the changes that he deemed im-

portant. Tom promised to make them with all possible despatch. "I don't know how to thank you," he said. "These points will strengthen the thing immensely. They never would have occurred to me. I'm sure it doesn't happen to many young writers to have the practical help of a master like this."

"It doesn't often happen to an old fellow like myself to find a youngster so ready to follow his advice," answered St. Marc. "But now, by the way, about your pseudonym."

"Yes, sir," Tom queried.

"Why don't you come out under your own name?"

"Well, I—I'd rather use Grandison Mather. If the book should be a dead failure, you know—"

"You don't want to be held accountable for it. But I suspect you have a secret pleasure in the cleverness of your anagram; and I dare say it won't make any serious difference. Well, you make those changes, and let me have the manuscript as soon as possible."

When Tom came to leave, Mr. St. Marc went with him to the street door; and there, laying his hand upon the young man's shoulder, "It's done me good to see you, Mr. Gardiner," he said, "and I want you to drop in upon me here often. It's refreshing to a man of my age to feel the contact of young blood and enthusiasm. Or, perhaps it's because I've never quite got over being a boy myself; and I like the company of fellow-youths. Ha, ha!"

### The Hero and Heroine Meet.

From Maxwell Grey's "Reproach of Annesley."  
(Appleton.)

THE sun had at last burst through the clouds, and, as the drawing-room door opened, a flood of sunshine poured through the oriel upon his face, half blinding him for a moment. Then he saw Mrs. Rickman at work in an easy-chair by the fire, and near her Sibyl with a book, looking, now that she had put off her wraps, the pretty graceful creature she was.

Having spoken to Mrs. Rickman, he turned once more to the light, vaguely conscious of a disturbing presence in that direction, and there, rising from her seat beneath the glowing oriel window at a table on which she was arranging some flowers in vases, with the rich sunshine calling out the gold tints in her brown hair and making a tiny halo about her head, he saw Alice Lingard.

He stood still, and fixed a long, earnest gaze upon her, not at first noticing Mrs. Rickman's introduction of "Miss Lingard, our adopted daughter," while a sudden light irradiated Alice's eyes and a warm glow suffused her face. In one hand she held some daffodils; as she rose she overturned a basketful at her feet, and from the folds of her dress there glided primroses, violets, and other spring flowers, of which the bowls and the vases on the table before her were full.

"O Proserpina,

For the flowers now, that, righted, thou let'st fall  
From Dis's wagon! daffodils,  
That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,  
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,  
That die only unmarried, ere they can behold  
Bright Phœbus in his strength."

They were all there, those delicate flowers of hope and spring for which Perdita longed, to give to her young prince; they made a fit setting for

the young and gracious creature who rose from their midst, scattering them as she rose.

Her clear tranquil gaze met the stranger's frankly for a moment, while a slight tremor made the slender daffodils quiver in her hand; but his long and silent gaze in no way offended her, nor did it strike any one else as disrespectful. It was as if he had been gazing all his life at that sweet vision among sunshine and flowers; yet everything within him seemed to die and be born again as he gazed; life became glorious and full of dim, delicious mystery in the sudden stir of intense feeling. He did not say, "This woman shall be mine," for he felt that she was his and he was hers forever and ever.

Then he became aware that in rising she had overturned the basket of flowers, and after the silent reverence which he made on being introduced, his first action was to kneel before her and restore the scattered flowers to their places.

"It is a sudden leap from winter to spring, from the wet morning with the hounds to all these flowers and sunshine," he said, as he handed her a mass of blue violets.

"Yes, the spring always comes suddenly upon us, when it does come," Alice replied, grouping the violets.

"But unluckily, it does not always stay," broke in Mr. Rickman, in his rough voice, which resembled the rasping of a chair drawn over a stone floor; "even the Italians, who know what spring really means, the spring northern poets dream about and never see, have a proverb to that effect; about the first swallow, Sibbie, my dear."

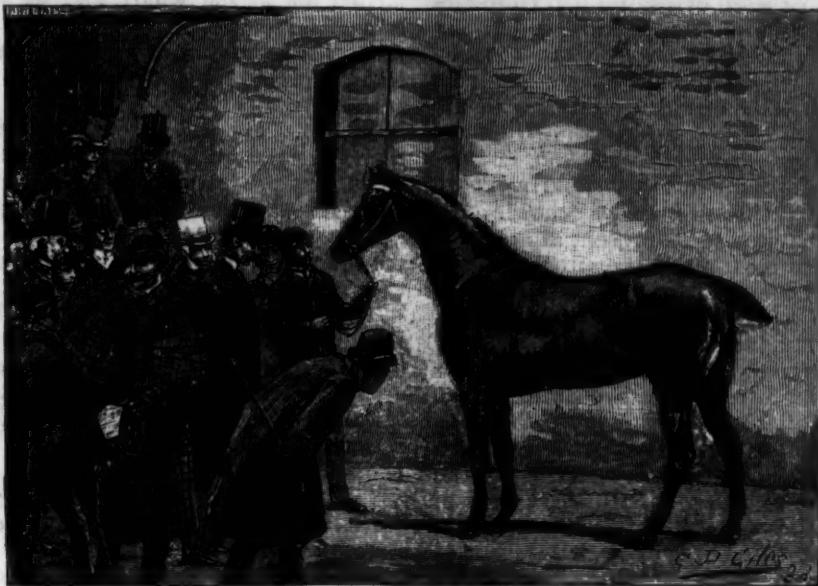
"Nobody wants our musty old proverbs, papa," replied Sibyl, with a graceful impertinence which always pleased her indulgent father. "Mr. Annesley would far rather have some dinner."

"Perhaps he would like some violets as a welcome back to Arden, Alice," suggested Mr. Rickman. "Those gray Neapolitans are not the sweetest. I can scarcely believe this is little Ned Annesley shot up so tall."

"There, Mr. Annesley," Alice said, handing him a bunch of the double violets, "I present you with the freedom of Arden. Miss Rickman should have done it as the real daughter of the house." She looked up with a frank smile, which made him feel as we do in dreams when we light upon some long-lost treasure and imagine that an end has now come to all care.

Mr. Rickman began to discourse, in his harsh but kindly voice, upon the extensive use of flowers in the religious and civil life of the ancient Greeks, and Edward smiled to himself when he recalled Gervase's schemes in school-boy days to start his father on an absorbing monologue, and so divert his attention at critical moments. Mr. Rickman was not changed in the least; his small, keen blue eyes were just as bright, his face as dried-up and lined, his slight, wiry figure had the same scholar's stoop, and his manner was as absent and dreamy as in those boyish days.

Soon they found themselves at table in the dark oak-panelled dining-room, but it seemed less dark than when Edward had last seen it; the pictures, with their fine mellow gloom, still hung dusky in the darkness; but some silver sconces and bits of old china brightened the walls; a vase holding daffodils made a lustre against a black panel and harmonized with a blue china bowl of the same flowers on the table. Yet not these trifles alone brightened the darkness of that familiar old room.



AT TATTERSALL'S.

From "Driving," in the Badminton Library. (Little, Brown & Co.)

#### A Gentleman's Team.

From "Driving," in the Badminton Library. (Little, Brown & Co.)

THE gentleman who wants to set up a team, having got his coach and his harness, his coach-house, his harness-room, and his stable beautifully done up, looking as smart as French polish and bright brass can make it look, has now to proceed to buy himself a team of horses. We must take for granted that gentlemen that want to set up a coach and horses, even if they are beginners, will have some knowledge of the animal horse, and therefore will not find it necessary to wade through these pages to learn where to find one. But there are gentlemen who, having had too much to occupy them in their youth, and having more leisure as they got further on in life, might wish to start a team, and might refer to these volumes for advice as to how to do so. To them we would say, get your wheel-horses as strong as is consistent with activity. If you have the choice between the good-actioned horse that is not quite so strong and a stronger horse that is not quite of such good action, the judicious course will be to buy the good-actioned horse.

The gentleman, having provided himself with the horses that please him, has now got to put them into his stable. And here we would impress upon him that hot stables are to be avoided; the cooler and better ventilated they are, and the more the windows are kept open either by day or by night, the healthier he will find his horses to be. We have, however, already gone so thoroughly into the question of stables, that we need not enter into detail here.

A great difficulty with regard to horses in a gentleman's establishment, so different from public coach-horses who run their ten or twelve miles each day, is the want of uniformity in the amount of work that the horse gets. From some cause or other he may not go out for three or four days, the next three or four days he may be out every day upon journeys of varying length. Therefore either the master himself or his groom must try and exercise what sense has been given each, in apportioning the amount of exercise that the horse should take; in one case it may be nec-

essary for the animal to make up for the want of work, in the other he may require merely sufficient to stretch his legs for healthy purposes after he has been on a long journey. One great difficulty the groom has to contend with is, that if his master is not home he dare not give the horses too many hours' exercise in the morning for fear he should be ordered out in the afternoon and have a long journey before him. Very often the master may say that he does not think he will want the horses to-morrow, and the groom accordingly gives them their exercise; but at the last moment there comes some invitation, some necessity to go to a distant railway station, or some cause which brings the horses out when it has been understood that they will not be needed.

It is a remarkable fact how wonderfully regular exercise agrees with a horse. We have seen horses low in condition, others too fat, some as lean as herrings, put on to a stage-coach, and you may almost say before a month, certainly before two months, after they have been doing their allotted work every day, barring perhaps one day in four as rest, they will look as round as drayhorses, and yet be in the hardest possible condition. This is why those horses generally look better than the gentlemen's horses whose work is so irregular.

#### Sights at Sitka.

From Woodman's "Picturesque Alaska." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

THERE were Easter services at the Greek church at Sitka. We went near it to examine its exterior, and seeing nothing peculiarly attractive about it, turned away, as strangers were not permitted to enter during the hours of services. There was a mixed company of Indians and Russians about the entrance; many of them had little children and babies, all neatly dressed, and some were quite pretty. We joined them and walked respectfully forward into the church, and stood among them in the square, vacant area in front of the chancel.

We remained for some time, quietly observing the appointments of the church, moving forward to the rail before the chancel in order to do

so, without look or word of disapproval from any one. We retired as quietly as we entered, and surprised various other tourists on the ship by having accomplished what none of them had been able to, although they had several times in the day attempted it.

At 4 P.M. the rain seemed to slacken, and we again embarked in the little lighter and went on shore to visit Dr. Jackson's Mission School. We had been kindly invited to be present at an exhibition of scholarship earlier in the afternoon, but the violence of the storm prevented. We found the Mission in a very flourishing condition. There were one hundred and seven boys and sixty girls, all between the ages of ten and eighteen or nineteen years. The teachers are enthusiastic, able, and are doing effectual work; they are building for results, far better, perhaps, than they can now realize, in the great scheme for the emancipation of the Alaskans from barbarism and superstition.

The harbor of Sitka has deep water, but is dotted over with lovely small islands and rocky islets all covered with low green shrubs and trees. The water is moderately calm, and oftentimes reflects like a mirror the beautiful islands and mountains on the shores.

Across the harbor are great snowy mountains, behind which the sun sets, shedding over all such a golden light that in beholding it one feels almost as if transported to enchanted realms.

#### Harbor of Charlotte Amalia.

From Ober's "Knockabout Club in the Antilles." (Estes & Lauriat.)

"Very fair and full of promise  
Lay the island of Saint Thomas."

At one in the morning the propeller stopped, and our steamer lay quietly. At six o'clock we looked out of the port-hole, and saw a charming town, covering the slopes of three rounded hills, and occupying the gentle dips between.

At eight o'clock a boat from the "Hadjii"

landed me at the wharf, and we sought the consul. Vain search! The consulate was there, and the consul clerk, and a pile of musty law-books, and the predatory American eagle; but the consul, where was he?

In bed. He had lost all the brightness of the morning, the refreshing coolness of the early dawn, the privilege of—of making our acquaintance, for—a game of poker the night before. He had lost all these, and perhaps lost at poker; though this latter surmise is doubtful, as his name was Smith, and he came from Arkansas.

The Venezuelan consul, an American, Mr. Phillips, was better to us than our representative of the United States, and threw open his doors to us, and the doors of his warehouse to our luggage. He did more than this: he sent a boat with two men for the latter, and before ten that morning I was as comfortably installed in St. Thomas as any resident of the place.

Nearly the whole island has relapsed into a state of desolation; all the country dwellings and sugar-mills have been destroyed by hurricane and earthquake, and St. Thomas is now wholly dependent upon the sea for a living. That it derives a comfortable subsistence from the misfortunes of navigation is evident to any one who visits the town. Out of a total population of 14,000, the town, Charlotte Amalia, contains 11,500 as residents, besides the many who labor there during the day and sleep in the country districts at night.

The day of my arrival was Holy Thursday, and every shop and store was closed: the next day, Good Friday, found the place a silent city, every door of business shut. The following Saturday I certainly thought the stores would be open and an opportunity offered for purchase, but in this I was disappointed, for that was the Jews' Sabbath, and, as they owned the principal stores, nothing could be obtained. Sunday the Israelites respected out of courtesy to their Gentile brethren; and thus four days passed before I could purchase some needed articles for my equipment in the field.



THE HARBOR OF ST. THOMAS.

From Ober's "Knockabout Club in the Antilles." (Estes & Lauriat.)

## Sunset at Sea.

From Mitchell's "The Cup of Youth." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

ADOWN the thronged deck of the steamer  
The babble of voices fails slowly,  
As if unseen fingers of silence  
Were laid on the lips of the speakers.  
A blazon of azure-flecked crimson,  
White-starred with the quick-leaping foam-jets,  
Falls swift on the shuddering ocean;  
While high overhead to the zenith  
Imperious splendors of scarlet  
Flare strange, such as up from the darkness  
That fell on Gethsemane's stillness  
Rose red with the anguish of nature.  
Slow faeth the color that troubles  
The soul with mysterious terror,  
Till unto the sky and the waters  
Is born the cool quiet of purples  
That calmed the stirred heart of the seer.  
The peace which is past understanding,  
Which only the heart can interpret,  
Comes clad in the shadows of twilight  
With meanings elusive and tender,  
That die at the mere touch of thought, and  
Are frail as the firstlings of April.

The peace which is past understanding:  
Ethereal, viewless, and solemn,  
Mysterious gift of the evening,  
A love dew that comes, how we know not,  
And freshens all life, how we wist not;  
Till down to the paling horizon  
Are poured the night shadows, while ever  
The huge striving bulk of the steamer  
Hurls on through the dark and the ocean.

JUNE 1, 1888.

## A Dangerous Sail.

From Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's "Far in the Forest." (Lippincott Co.)

PRESENTLY Riverius and Mrs. Preston joined Paul at the river. Twigs, ferns, and dry moss were put in the bottom of the long dug-out. Mrs. Preston sat down in the middle. They pushed carefully out a few yards from shore. A dug-out, or, as it is at times called in Maine, a pirogue, is merely a long log hollowed out by the axe and sharpened at stem and stern. There is no keel, and the inexperienced man who can even stand up in it when afloat must be rare, so that a lumberman is apt to say, "Got to be born in a pirogue, and not squint none, and git your hair parted in the middle." But two skilful polesmen upright at bow and stern in this frail vessel is as pretty a sight as can be seen. And now the woman watched with pleasure the alert lad in the bow, heard the quick click of the ash poles against the sides of the boat, and saw the water whirl by as with rhythmic precision the gleaming poles struck on the bottom and drove the rocking dug-out up the stream. Hand over hand they were brought forward swiftly amid rapid words from bow to stern. "To left, Paul. Swing her. Round the rock. Quick, look out. That's it. Snub her, snub her, Paul. Now let her have it." On either side the hills rose, as yet little scathed by the axe, but touched here and there with anticipative autumn tints. Pines, black and white birches, cherry, poplar, a great and glorious show of nature's varied handiwork, fled by as it were in moving, shifting masses. How delicious it was, the faint sense of peril, the assurance of security in the slim, well-built figure in the bow, sharply conning the river ahead, decisive and with a proud look of responsibility in his strong young face!

Riverius had taken kindly to the river ways, but he was as yet far less skilful than the young Bowman, although his greater power was felt in the energy imparted to each forward dart of the boat as the rattling iron-shod poles struck the

rocky bottom. About two miles up they turned aside to avoid a deep current and passed into comparatively shallow water, around an island skirted with willows and thickly wooded with hickories and the gum-tree, already kindling with prophesy of the glories of October. The water was quick and the rapids somewhat turbulent. "Now look sharp, mother," said Paul, "and sit still. This is the worst." Of a sudden the canoe was checked short midway in its powerfully-urged upward course. Riverius cried, "Hold her, hard, hard," and there was a splash behind Bessy Preston, scarce heard amidst the watery tumult, whilst the dug-out rocked dangerously. She saw Paul holding the boat with all his force, the pole quivering in the fierce rush of water. She knew at once, with a little scare, that they had narrowly escaped going over. She did not stir, having the rare faculty of growing calm in danger. "What is it, Paul?" she said.

He did not reply; he was looking anxiously astern. "All right," said a voice, a little distant. "Drop her carefully." Paul's face lit up, and almost foot by foot he let the dug-out drop back, saying, as he did so, "He's all right. Caught his pole." Then, as he floated into quieter water, "Oh, mother! there isn't a man on the Alleghany who would have dared to do that. Glad I was looking back."

"What was he doing, Paul? Is he safe?"

"Oh, yes, he's safe. Why, just at the end of the push, mother, your pole is apt to catch between rocks; and if you hold on you go over, and the boat too. You must let the pole go. You see, he isn't quite up to it; and so when he held on a bit too long, and he knew what was coming, he just fell backwards out of the dug-out quietly; and, mother, he never looked behind him. If he had hit a rock he might have been killed."

"Ah," she said, "I see."

## The Hero and His Wife's Father.

From Walworth's "A Splendid Egotist." (Belford, Clarke & Co.)

"SIT down there, Mr. Grayson, and let me have your hat."

"How is it getting on?" the old man asked, fixing his keen eye on the statue.

There had been an it for them all three—Marie, Randall, and himself for a long time, now

"Slowly," Randall answered, with peevish veracity. "I've been a lazy hound this summer. It's the air, I think. But I'm going to do better. I've been hard at work all day. What do you think of it? Come, now, give me an old-time criticism. I think I should be the better for a regular quiz."

The old man should see, he resolved, that he did not include him among his domestic troubles.

Master and pupil were once more on the old terms. Randall had always been a source of satisfaction to his teacher. He was ambitious, talented, eager. It had been months since Mr. Grayson had seen the statue they expected so much of. Before he was well aware of it himself he was fairly launched into an exhaustive criticism of Randall's work. He wound up his lecture with a tired sigh and a gentle sigh.

"There! Do you suppose I braved this heat just for the pleasure of snubbing your new-fangled methods, sir?"

"You will stay to dinner?" said Randall, looking kindly down at the thin, worn face of his master.

"Yes, if Nan-nan will give me some."  
"Marianne?"

"There was such a strange ring of surprise in Randall's voice that the old man looked up at him anxiously.

"She isn't ill?"

"She is not here."

"Not here?"

"No. I thought all this while she was with you."

"With me! Why should she be with me?"

After all, then, the unpleasant task of explanation was laid on him! He told Marianne's father all there was to tell as briefly as possible. He made a strenuous effort at impartiality, which was creditable to him as far as it went, but self-blame was not much in Randall Mackaye's line.

Marianne's father heard him through with pathetic patience, his gray head moving restlessly to and fro, as he looked about on the room his child had made pretty. His long, thin hands were clasped firmly across the top of his walking stick.

"Of course she will come back to me," said Randall, with nervous arrogance. "She left me in unreasonable pique, and her own good sense will show which is to blame. She is amply able to care for herself for a few days. But why did she not go to you?"

"Because," said the old man, rising and expanding with a certain moral majesty, "she would not have been the Marianne I know if she had come home whimpering a tale against her husband."

He took up his shabby hat and moved towards the door. Randall intercepted him:

"You are not going without a bite of something?" Then, falling back before the calm scorn in the keen old eyes, he asked nervously: "Where are you going? What are you going to do?"

"I am going to look for my daughter." The portrait painter waved him imperiously out of his path. "I never knew her to do an unconsidered thing in all her life—unless—indeed—it was marrying you."

### Health Versus Intellect.

From Boyesen's "Vagabond Tales." (Lothrop Co.)

THE plan was, to spend the afternoon fishing, take supper on board, and sail home by moonlight, returning about ten or eleven o'clock in the evening. Charity sat bareheaded at the rudder, holding the tiller with a firm grasp, and with a cool, professional glance (which Brooks found ravishing) watching the sail, the water, and the horizon. She commanded "Heads down" when she jibed, with a sang froid in which there was no trace of her customary timidity. If it had been Nichols and not Miss Herkomer who, in the midst of his glorious absorption in the elements, had asked Brooks what his opinion was of George Eliot's "Theophrastus Such," he would have felt tempted to do him bodily harm. In fact, the question jarred so violently on him that he had to exercise all his self-restraint in order to give him a polite answer.

"Oh, have pity on my youth and innocence, Miss Herkomer," he exclaimed with mock entreaty; "what have I done to thee that thou shouldst thus maltreat me?"

"I fear, Mr. Brooks, you are one of those who disapprove of intellect in women," Miss Herko-

mer rejoined, with a primness which was in itself a rebuke to his levity.

"Not at all. I only hold that there are some things which are more valuable than intellect."

"More valuable than intellect! What are they, pray?"

"Health, first of all; innocence and simplicity of soul, sweet and unspoiled emotions."

"You mean to say," demanded Miss Herkomer, with a note of exasperation which she found it hard to suppress, "that the mere crude health which any peasant or fisher-girl possesses is more valuable to the world than the noble intellect of a George Sand or George Eliot?"

"If it is a question of universal application, I should say yes," answered Brooks fearlessly.

"If you mean only in rare individual cases, I should say no. In my opinion, the world could better afford to spare in its womankind the intellect of George Eliot than the health which such intellectual attainments would be apt to undermine. George Eliot, as you know, died childless; if all womankind died childless, but with towering intellects, civilization would expire with us, and we should all have lived in vain."

Mr. Nichols, who had been trolling a bluefish line, here gave a shout. He rose in the boat with visible excitement and began to haul with all his might.

"Keep your line taut," cried Charity; "no, no, not that way, or you'll unhook him."

"But he cuts my hands cruelly," whimpered Nichols. "I don't think I can stand it much longer."

"Take the tiller quick, and I'll haul him," said the girl, with quiet decision; and no sooner had the clergyman handed her the line than, with five or six strong and steady pulls, she landed a splendid bluefish, weighing some six or seven pounds. Brooks, who could not get his eyes off her, was enchanted at the swift security and skill with which she handled the big fish, keeping at the same time a vigilant watch on the parson, whose manipulation of the tiller she evidently mistrusted.

Hers was no crude peasant face in which the primitive bovine virtues were legibly written. In her eye the fire of thought had been kindled, generations ago, and in the chiselling of her face nature had traced many a delicate intention. And yet, coupled with this, there were an admirable alertness of sense and practical skill which, to the young man who had spent his life among books and in the over-refinement of a foreign civilization, seemed wholly adorable. He had all his life seen helpless women who took a pride in their uselessness and ignorance of practical concerns; and by contrast, an efficient woman who, without the sacrifice of her womanly character and charm, could sail a boat, braid a basket, and cook a beefsteak, struck him as a fascinating novelty. He contrasted her deep and wholesome content with the intellectual contortions of Miss Herkomer, who skimmed with feverish restlessness over all the sciences, and was always uneasy lest she should not secure proper recognition for her attainments.

LANDLADY: "No, sir, we cannot admit you; we take only single gentlemen."

MARRIED APPLICANT: "Well, ain't I a single gentleman? What d'ye take me for—a pair of Siamese twins?"—*Puck*.

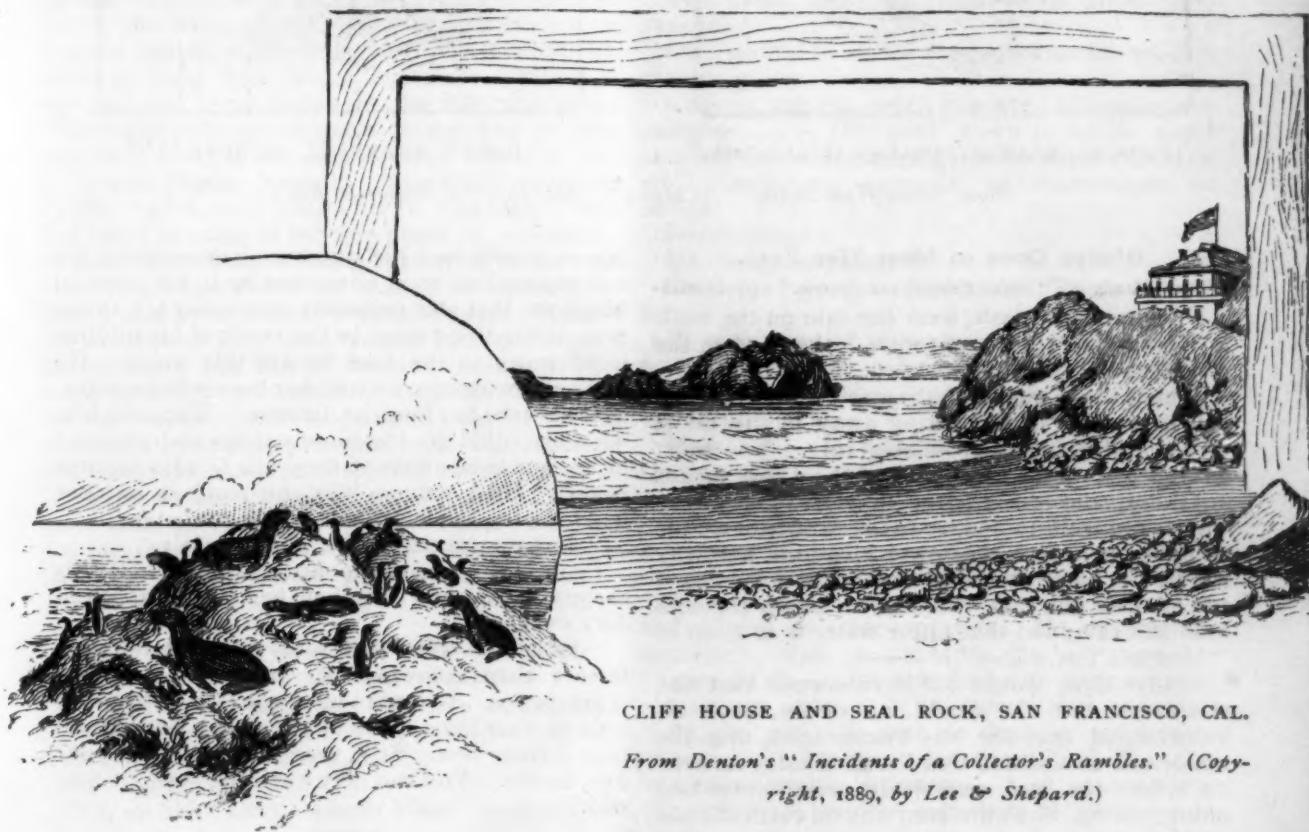
## Shooting Lyre-Birds.

From Denton's "Incidents in a Collector's Rambles."  
(Lee & Shepard.)

FRIDAY, AUGUST 25.—This morning, walking several miles toward the other side of the range, we reached the head of a gully, where the lyre-birds seemed to be holding a jubilee. The morning was fair and warm, but everything was covered with dew. Shelley walked cautiously through the scrub, while I went ahead on the outside and entered some distance below, where I sat very quietly watching for the birds. Our first trial was unsuccessful, although there were several birds between us. The next time I saw a fine male, but the gun missed fire in both barrels, on account of the very poor quality of caps, which were not waterproof. I was disgusted, as nothing so exasperates a hunter as to have his gun miss fire. At the next trial we did not see a bird,

with all our hard work, but we tried once more; and this time a female flew across the creek and ran along the opposite bank. A charge of shot put a stop to her career; and, just as I was about to pick up the fluttering bird, a fine male came out of the bushes to investigate matters, and as I had left my gun behind, of course I did not get him. The very fates seemed to be against us, for every time I had seen a male bird "fair and square," there was some hitch about the rest of the programme, and when I did get a good shot, it was always a female.

We began to feel discouraged, but concluded to try just once more. So, going a long way down, I seated myself in good position on the hillside, where I could command a view of the fern below and the bank beyond. "Now," I said to myself, "let one come, and if I do not shoot him, I will pitch the gun into the brook and start for Melbourne."



CLIFF HOUSE AND SEAL ROCK, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

From Denton's "Incidents of a Collector's Rambles." (Copyright, 1889, by Lee & Shepard.)

but one commenced singing right across the creek from me, and I began the difficult task of crawling upon him. The leaves and ferns were still wet, and I must have made very little noise, as he kept on singing without an interruption. I had to smile several times at his odd noises, and once came very near exploding with laughter at his version of a concert between laughing jackasses.

Part of the way I was obliged to crawl on my hands and knees, trembling so with excitement I doubted my being able to shoot when I had the chance. I approached till within a few yards of him; but, as I rose from the ground, the music suddenly ceased, and with a whistle and a crack he was off like a meteor. I sent a dose of shot after him, as he flashed for an instant among the ferns, but on reaching the spot the tip of his long-tail-feathers gave evidence of my failure. It began to look as if we were not to have a male bird,

I had not waited long, when bang went Shelley's gun, the shot dropping all about me, but "nary" a bird came my way. I began to think I was sold again, when, just as I was getting up to go, I saw a bird run out of the scrub and run for the fern on my left. Taking deliberate aim, I fired. The smoke came back in my face, so that I could not see the effect of my shot. I ran down the bank, jumped the brook, and there on his back lay a fine male lyre-bird, in the best of plumage. His tail was more than a yard long, and beautifully banded with dark brown, rusty red, and white. I felt happy enough as I started up the bank, carrying my prize, his beautiful tail half spread, and nearly touching the ground. Shelley had shot a female lyre-bird, and fired at a large wombat, which was asleep in its hole, with its head half out. The creature had life enough to crawl back where it was impossible to get him.



"THIS TALK ABOUT SHARKS IS ALL ROT."



"HELP! SHARKS!! MURDER!!!"

From "Fun from 'Life.'" (Copyright, 1889, by F. A. Stokes & Bro.)

#### Gladys Goes to Meet Her Fate.

From Moulton's "Miss Eyre from Boston." (Roberts.)

PLASH, splash, splash, went the rain on the walls at Kissingen; "tootle-te-tootle," the band in the pavilion.

If ever there was an unbearable impertinence, it is this of the band, tooting away in the midst of a spiteful, uncompromising rain. You must get up and dress, no doubt, if the Cure means anything, and drink your glasses of Racoczy water, and walk to and fro between them, like the nameless prince of the lower kingdom, but why should the band play this mad waltz music, as if to persuade you that you love to tramp through mud and rain, and that bitter water is as good as "Mumm's Extra Dry"?

Gladys Eyre would not have owned that she was cross; but she would, no doubt, have acknowledged that she was discouraged, that the music was a bore, and that life at Kissingen, even on a fine day, was excessively monotonous and uninteresting. She wondered why on earth she had come.

What a curious thing it was that old astrologer said to her just before she left America! It had been the Theosophical winter in Boston. It is always the—something—winter in that wonderful city; but perhaps nothing else had ever quite so forcibly taken hold of it as did Theosophy. If you went out to drink five o'clock tea, and shake hands with your neighbors, you found the company broken up in groups, and in the centre of each one some eloquent woman discoursing of reincarnation, and Karma, and Devachan—yes, and of black and white magic. And it was one of the true Theosophical believers who sent Gladys to that astrologer who had never been able to make his own fortune, glittering as were the fortunes he lightly dispensed to his followers, promising them a spare million or two as lavishly as if money grew like weeds.

Gladys wondered a little that the stars had not been more generous to their votary, when she entered his shabby little place on Green Street;

but so stately was his dignity, so unbounded his self-possession, so at home was he in his celestial kingdom, that she presently concluded his lowliness of condition must be the result of his sublime indifference to the base uses of this world. He cast her horoscope; he told her her own character, as if he were her familiar daemon. What she felt, what she could do—by some strange clairvoyance he seemed to be aware of them all. Gladys listened eagerly; then, woman-like, she reached out her hand for the apple of forbidden knowledge.

"And my future?" she asked timidly.

Professor Bodensky looked out from under his shaggy brows and searched her face with keen dark eyes.

"It is not well," he said, "that I tell you farther than concerns this summer. You will cross the sea. You go to meet your fate. You will hold in your hand a cup of joy, and a woman will take it from you. Still, your fate will be in your own hands. You can defy even the stars, if you will."

#### Pepita.

From Burnett's "Pretty Sister of José." (Scribner.)

ALL the joy of youth, all its delights and expectations filled Pepita's heart. To be so near the great, grand city, to look forward to seeing all its splendors, to walk in its streets, to share in the amusements she had heard of—this was rapture. If she had been pretty before, she became now ten times prettier; her lovely eyes grew larger with laughter and wonder and joy; her light feet almost danced; her color was like that of a damask rose. Each day brought new innocent happiness to her. When José came home from his work at night, she sat by his side and asked him a thousand questions. Had he seen the palace—had he seen the king or the queen—what were the people doing—were the public gardens beautiful? And then she would take the guitar, which had belonged to her gay father in his gayest days, and sit out in the little garden,

among the vines and lemon-trees and oleanders, and play and sing one song after another, while José smoked and rested, and wondered at and delighted in her. It was she who had inherited all her father's gayety and spirit. José had none of them, and, being slow and simple, had always found her a wonder and a strange pleasure. She had, indeed, been the one bright thing in his life, and even her wilfulness had a charm for him. He always gave way to it and was content.

In all his plannings it was Pepita José had thought of first. Madrid to him was only a sort of setting for Pepita; the clean, comfortable cottage a home for Pepita; the roses and lemon blossoms she would wear in her hair; under the fine grape-vines she would sit in the evening and play on her guitar. His wages would give her comfort and buy her pretty, simple dresses. And then every one would see her beauty, and when she went to mass, or with herself and Jovita to the Prado or the Paseo de la Virgen del Puerto, people would look at her and tell each other how pretty she was, and all this would end in time in a good marriage perhaps. And she would be loved by some nice fellow, and have a home of her own and be as happy as the day was long. There was only one obstacle in the way of this excellent plan; it was only a small obstacle, but — it was Pepita herself! Singularly enough, Pepita had a fixed antipathy to marriage. She had early announced her intention of remaining unmarried, and those young men who in her native village had desired to make love to her had been treated with disapproval and disdain. Knowing as little of love as a young bird unfledged, her coldness was full of innocent cruelty. She made no effort to soften any situation. She was willing to dance and laugh and sing, but when she found herself confronting lover-like tremors and emotions, she was unsparing candor itself.

"Why should I listen to you?" she had said more than once. "I do not love you. You do not please me. When you wish to marry me, I hate you. Go away, and speak to some one else."

#### Mon Consentement et Cent Mille Francs.

From Legouvé's "Une Dot." (Jenkins.)

O MON père! mon père! s'écria Madeleine, comment peux-tu douter de mon chagrin! tu ne crois donc pas que j'aime Henri?

Si, vraiment.

Oui, eh bien, alors? ajouta Mme. Desranges.

Eh bien, alors, qu'elle l'épouse! Je lui donne mon consentement, et avec mon consentement cent mille francs de dot; mais deux cent mille, comme le demande M. de Grandval, non!

Il t'en restera toujours assez!

Assez, c'est trop peu.

A ton âge on n'a plus de besoins.

Au contraire! chaque année de plus amène un besoin de plus. Il n'y a pas une infirmité qui ne soit une dépense. Ma vue baisse, il me faut des lunettes, mes jambes faiblissent, il me faut une voiture; mes cheveux tombent, il me faut un toupet. Et les caoutchoucs! et la flanelle! Mais j'en ai pour cent francs par an, rien qu'en flanelle!

Mais . . .

Non, non! que la jeunesse soit pauvre, c'est juste! c'est son lot! Est-ce qu'elle a besoin de quelque chose? Qu'importe le bon souper et le bon gîte, quand on a le reste? mais la vieillesse . . .

Tu n'es pas vieux, dit aimablement Mme. Desranges.

Oh! oh! si tu me dis des choses agréables, cela devient grave!

Voyons, voyons, reprit-elle avec câlinerie, rai-sonnons . . . De quoi s'agit-il après tout? de quelques réductions légères dans notre train de vie; d'avoir, par exemple, un domestique de moins.

Précisément!

Eh bien, tant mieux!

Tant pis! je suis paresseux; j'aime à être servi.

Et tu t'alourdis! tu engraises! tandis que si tu te servais un peu toi-même, tu resterais actif, jeune . . .

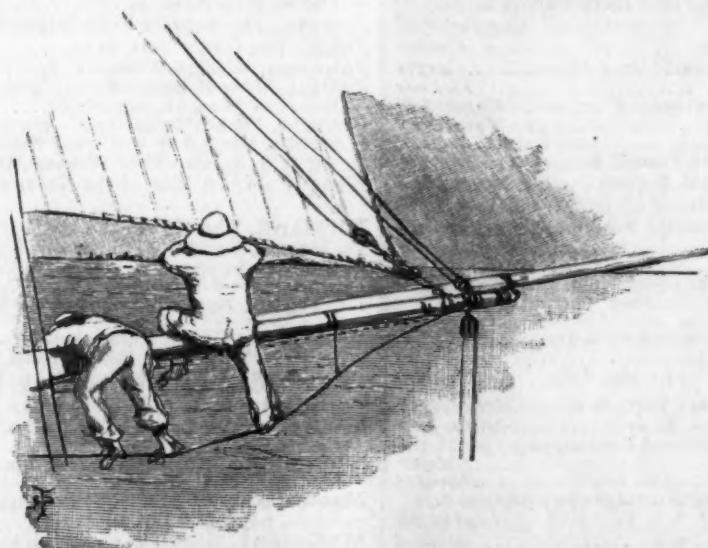
Je n'y tiens pas!

Mais moi, j'y tiens, dans ton intérêt. C'est comme pour notre table, nous retrancherons, je suppose, un plat de notre dîner . . .

Du tout! c'est ce que je ne veux pas, je suis gourmand!

C'est un péché, père, dit Madeleine.

Soit! mais un péché très-agréable, et il m'en reste si peu de cette espèce-là. Ma chère gourmandise! Mais je n'entends jamais approcher l'heure du dîner sans voir flotter devant mes yeux comme un rêve . . . le menu! sans me dire: "Ah ça, quel joli plat de douceur ma femme m'aura-t-elle imaginé pour aujourd'hui?" car, je te rends justice là-dessus . . . tu as beaucoup d'imagination pour les entremets sucrés!



From Lady Brassey's "The Last Voyage." (Longmans, Green & Co.)

## BOOKS FOR SUMMER READING,

Mentioned or advertised elsewhere in this issue, with select lists of other suitable reading. The abbreviations of publishers' names will guide to the advertisements, frequently containing descriptive notes.

For other books of a more general character, suitable for summer reading, see the publishers' advertisements.

## THE NEW NOVELS.

Adee, No. 19 State Street, pap., 50 c.	Cassell	Fawcett, Olivia Delaplaine, \$1.50	Ticknor
Allen, In all Shades, pap., 25 c.	Rand, McN	Fenn, Commodore Junk, \$1; pap., 50 c.	Cassell
— This Mortal Coil, 75 c.; pap., 50 c.	Appleton	Field, The Secret of Fontaine-La-Croix, 75 c.; pap., 50 c.	Appleton
Argles, The Honorable Mrs. Vereker, pap., 25 c.	Lippincott	Fletcher, Truth About Clement Ker, 75 c.	Roberts
— Same, pap., 20 c.	Lovell	Fothergill, From Moor Isles, \$1; pap., 35 c.	Holt
— Undercurrents, pap., 25 c.	Lippincott	— The Lasses of Leverhouse, \$1; pap., 30 c.	Holt
— Same, pap., 20 c.	Lovell	Francillon, A Christmas Rose, pap., 30 c.	Harper
Aristocracy, \$1; pap., 50 c.	Appleton	Fraternity, pap., 35 c.	Harper
Atherton, Hermia Suydam, pap., 50 c.	Current Literature Pub	Froude, Two Chiefs of Dunboy, \$1.50; pap., 50 c.	Scribner
— What Dreams May Come, \$1; pap., 50 c.	Belford	Galdos, The Court of Charles IV., pap., 50 c.	Gottsberger
Author's (An) Love, \$1.50.	Macmillan	Gautier, Jettatura, and Other Stories, pap., 50 c.	Brentano's
Balzac, Bureaucracy, \$1.50.	Roberts	Gerard, Orthodox, pap., 25 c.	Appleton
— Cousin Bette, \$1.50.	Roberts	Gissing, A Life's Morning, pap., 25 c.	Lippincott
— Louis Lambert, \$1.50.	Roberts	— Nether World (The), pap., 45 c.	Harper
— The Magic Skin, \$1.50.	Roberts	Green, Behind Closed Doors, \$1; pap., 50 c.	Putnam
— Seraphita, \$1.50.	Roberts	Greville, Nikanor, pap., 50 c.	Rand, McN
Baring-Gould, Eve, pap., 50 c.	Appleton	— Perdue (French), pap., 60 c.	Jenkins
Barr, Remember the Alamo, \$1.	Dodd	Grey, The Reproach of Annesley, pap., 50 c.	Appleton
Barrett, The Admirable Lady Biddy Fane, pap., 50 c.	Cassell	Guardians (The), \$1.25.	Houghton, M
— A Recoiling Vengeance, pap., 50 c.	Appleton	Haggard, Colonel Quaritch, V. C., 75 c.; pap., 25 c.	Harper
— Same, pap., 20 c.	Lovell	— Maiwa's Revenge, 75 c.; pap., 25 c.	Harper
Barrie, When a Man's Single, pap., 35 c.	Harper	— Mr. Meeson's Will, pap., 25 c.	Harper
Bates, The Philistines, \$1.50.	Ticknor	Hardy (A. S.), Passe Rose, \$1.25.	Houghton
Bell, His Fatal Success, \$1; pap., 50 c.	Belford	Hardy (T.), Wessex Tales, pap., 30 c.	Harper
Besant, In Luck at Last, pap., 20 c.	Lovell	Harland (H.), Grandison Mather, \$1.25.	Cassell
— The Inner House, pap., 30 c.	Harper	— Harland (M.), A Gallant Fight, \$1.50.	Dodd, M. & Co
Black, In Far Lochaber, \$1.25; pap., 50 c.	Harper	Harte, Cressy, \$1.25.	Houghton
— Same, pap., 20 c.	Lovell	Hatton, The Abbey Murder, pap., 20 c.	Lovell
— Strange Adventures of a House-Boat, pap., 50 c.	Harper	Hawthorne, Another's Crime, \$1.	Cassell
— Same, pap., 20 c.	Lovell	— Constance, and Cabot's Rival, 75 c.; pap., 50 c.	Appleton
Booth, Daphne, pap., 25 c.	Lippincott	— The Professor's Sister, \$1; pap., 50 c.	Belford
— Same, pap., 20 c.	Lovell	Hayes, A Daughter of Eve, \$1.50.	Ticknor
— Fragoletta, pap., 25 c.	Lippincott	Heimburg, Gertrude's Marriage, \$1.25; pap., 75 c.	Worthington
Boyesen, Vagabond Tales, \$1.25.	Lothrop	— Her Only Brother, \$1.25.	Crowell
Braddon, The Fatal Three, pap., 30 c.	Harper	— Two Daughters of One Race, \$1.25; pap., 75 c.	Worthington
Brush, Inside Our Gate, \$1.25.	Roberts	House, Yone Santo, \$1; pap., 50 c.	Belford
Bryce, Romance of an Alter Ego, \$1; pap., 50 c.	Brentano's	Howard, The Open Door, \$1.50.	Houghton
Burnett, The Pretty Sister of José, \$1.	Scribner	Howe, A Man Story, \$1.50.	Ticknor
Cameron, The Cost of a Lie, 50 c.; pap., 25 c.	Lippincott	Howells, Annie Kilburn, \$1.50.	Harper
— A Devout Lover, pap., 25 c.	Lippincott	Hullah, In Hot Haste, \$1; pap., 30 c.	Holt
— This Wicked World, pap., 25 c.	Lippincott	James, A London Life, \$1.50.	Macmillan
Carey, Merle's Crusade, 50 c.; pap., 25 c.	Lippincott	— The Reverberator, \$1.25.	Macmillan
Chamberlain, The Sphinx in Aubrey Parish, \$1.50.	Cupples & H	Jewett, The King of Folly Island, \$1.25.	Houghton
Conklin, Fourfold, \$1.50.	Carter	John, The Owl's Nest, \$1.25.	Lippincott
— From Flax to Linen, \$1.50.	Carter	Johnson, Raleigh Westgate, 75 c.; pap., 50 c.	Appleton
Cooke, Steadfast, \$1.50.	Ticknor	Julliot, Mademoiselle Solange, pap., 25 c.	Rand, McN
Crawford, Greifenstein, \$1.50.	Macmillan	— Same (in French), pap., 60 c.	Jenkins
— With the Immortals, \$2.	Macmillan	Keddie, French Janet, pap., 30 c.	Harper
Daintrey, Eros, \$1; pap., 50 c.	Belford	Kemble, Far Away and Long Ago, \$1.00.	Holt
Dannenburg, Sought and Found, \$1.	Funk & W	King (C.), A War-Time Wooing, \$1.	Harper
Daudet (A.), The Immortal, \$1; pap., 50 c.	Rand, McN	King (F. M.), A Man of the Name of John, pap., 25 c.	Cassell
Daudet (E.), The Apostate, 75 c.; pap., 50 c.	Appleton	Kirkland, The McVeys, \$1.25.	Houghton
De Mille, Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder, \$1.25; pap., 50 c.	Harper	La Rame, Guilderoy, \$1; pap., 25 c.	Lippincott
Dodd, Glorinda, 75 c.	Roberts	— Same, pap., 30 c.	Lovell
Dolaro, Bella Demonia, \$1; pap., 50 c.	Belford	Lady Bluebeard, pap., 40 c.	Harper
— Vengeance of Maurice Denalguer, \$1; pap., 50 c.	Belford	Lefargue, New Judgment of Paris, pap., 50 c.	Macmillan
Douglas, A Modern Adam and Eve, \$1.50.	Lee & S.	Lee, Quaker Girl of Nantucket, \$1.25.	Houghton
Doyle, Micah Clarke, \$1.50.	Longmans	Linton, Through the Long Nights, pap., 25 c.	Harper
Dreamer (A) of Dreams, 75 c.; pap., 50 c.	Appleton	Litchfield, A Hard-Won Victory, \$1.	Putnam
Ebers, Margery, 2 v., \$1.50; pap., 80 c.	Gottsberger	Logan, Her Strange Fate, \$1; pap., 50 c.	Belford
Egglesston, The Graysons, \$1.50.	Century Co	McCarthy and Praed, The Ladies' Gallery, 75 c.; 50 c.	Appleton
Farjeon, The Peril of Richard Pardon, pap., 30 c.		McClelland, Burkett's Lock, pap., 50 c.	Cassell
— Toilers of Babylon, pap., 40 c.	Harper	— Madame Silva, \$1; pap., 50 c.	Cassell
Fawcett, A Demoralizing Marriage, \$1; pap., 50 c.	Lippincott	Macdonald, The Elect Lady, pap., 50 c.	Appleton
— Divided Lives, \$1; pap., 50 c.	Belford	— Same, pap., 20 c.	Lovell
— Miriam Balestier, \$1; pap., 50 c.	Belford	McKnight, Hagar, \$1; pap., 50 c.	Belford
		McLean, Lastchance Junction, \$1.25.	Cupples & H

**Malet, A Counsel of Perfection, pap., 50 c. .... Appleton**  
**Mayo, John Winter, \$1. .... Dodd, Mead & Co**  
**Merriman, The Phantom Future, pap., 35 c. .... Harper**  
**Mitchell, Far in the Forest, \$1.25. .... Lippincott**  
**Moore, Confessions of a Young Man, \$1.; pap., 50 c. .... Brentano's**  
**Moulton, Miss Eyre from Boston, \$1.25; pap., 50 c. .... Roberts**  
**Mulholland, A Fair Emigrant, 75 c.; pap., 50 c. .... Appleton**  
**Murfree, The Despot of Broomsgrove Cove, \$1.25. .... Houghton**  
**Murray, D. C., A Dangerous Cat's Paw, \$1. .... Longmans**  
 — *Same*, pap., 30 c. .... Harper  
 — *The Weaker Vessel*, pap., 50 c. .... Harper  
**Murray (W. H. H.), The Story that the Keg Told Me, \$1.50. .... Cupples & H**  
**Near to Happiness, 75 c.; pap., 50 c. .... Appleton**  
**Ninette, 75 c.; pap., 50 c. .... Appleton**  
**Norris, The Rogue, \$1.; pap., 35 c. .... Holt**  
 — *Same*, pap., 20 c. .... Lovell  
**North, The Diamond Button, \$1.; pap., 50 c. .... Cassell**  
 — *Same*, Dr. Rameau, \$1.; pap., 50 c. .... Lippincott  
 — *Same*, \$1.; pap., 50 c. .... Rand, McN  
**Payn, The Eavesdropper, pap., 25 c. .... Harper**  
 — *Same*, pap., 10 c. .... Lovell  
 — *Mystery of Mirbridge*, pap., 50 c. .... Harper  
**Peard, The Country Cousin, pap., 40 c. .... Harper**  
**Pendleton (E.), A Virginia Inheritance, \$1.; pap., 50 c. .... Appleton**  
**Pendleton (L.), Bewitched, pap., 50 c. .... Cassell**  
 — *In the Wire-Grass*, 75 c.; pap., 50 c. .... Appleton  
**Phillips, Benedicta, pap., 25 c. .... Lippincott**  
**Putnam (E.), A Woodland Wooing, \$1. .... Robertst**  
**Queiros, Dragon's Teeth, \$1.50. .... Houghton**  
**Rebel Rose (The), pap., 40 c. .... Harper**  
**Reeves, A Little Maid of Acadie, pap., 25 c. .... Appleton**  
**Richardson, The Son of a Star, \$1.50. .... Longmans**  
**Risen, Grisette, pap., 50 c. .... Delay**  
**Rives, The Quick or the Dead, \$1. .... Lippincott**  
 — *Virginia of Virginia*, \$1. .... Harper  
 — *The Witness of the Sun*, \$1. .... Lippincott  
**Roe, Miss Lou, \$1.50. .... Dodd, M. & Co**  
**Rollins, Uncle Tom's Tenement, \$1.50. .... Smythe Co**  
**Saltus, Eden, \$1.; pap., 50 c. .... Belford**  
 — *A Transaction in Hearts*, \$1.; pap., 50 c. .... Belford  
**Schriener, The Story of an African Farm, 60 c. .... Robertst**  
 — *Same*, pap., 25 c. .... Lovell  
**Sergeant, Esther Denison, \$1.; pap., 50 c. .... Holt**  
**Sheldon, An I. D. B. in South Africa, \$1.50. .... Lovell**  
**Shorthouse, The Countess Eve, pap., 25 c. .... Harper**  
 — *Same*, pap., 20 c. .... Lovell  
 — *A Teacher of the Violin*, pap., 50 c. .... Macmillan  
**Smart, The Master of Rathkelly, 75 c.; pap., 50 c. .... Appleton**  
**Stevenson (E. J.), Janus, \$1.; pap., 50 c. .... Belford**  
**Stevenson (R. L.), The Black Arrow, \$1.; pap., 50 c. .... Scribner**  
 — *The Wrong Box*, \$1. .... Scribner  
**Stimson, First Harvests, \$1.25. .... Scribner**  
 — *The Residuary Legatee*, \$1.; pap., 35 c. .... Scribner  
**Stockton, Amos Kilbright, \$1.25; pap., 50 c. .... Scribner**  
**Tinseau, L'Attelage de la Marquise (in French), pap., 25 c. .... Jenkins**  
 — *My Cousin, Miss Cinderella*, pap., 25 c. .... Appleton  
**Ulbach, Confessions of an Abbé, 25 c. .... Peterson**  
 — *For Fifteen Years*, pap., 50 c. .... Appleton  
**Steel Hammer (The), pap., 50 c. .... Appleton**  
**Valentine, Time's Scythe, pap., 50 c. .... Cassell**  
**Vincent, Vaillante (in French), pap., 60 c. .... Cassell**  
**Ulmann, Frederick Struthers' Romance, pap., 50 c. .... Brentano's**  
**Walford, A Mere Child, \$1.; pap., 30 c. .... Holt**  
 — *A Stiff-Necked Generation*, \$3.; pap., 30 c. .... Holt  
**Walworth, Baldy's Point, pap., 50 c. .... Cassell**  
 — *The Silent Witness*, cl., \$1.; pap., 50 c. .... Cassell  
 — *A Splendid Egotist*, \$1.; pap., 50 c. .... Belford  
**Ward, Robert Elsmere, \$1.50; pap., 50 c. .... Macmillan**  
 — *Same*, pap., 50 c. .... Lovell  
 — *Same*, pap., 40 c. .... Munro  
**Werner, The Alpine Fay, \$1.25. .... Lippincott**  
 — *Danira*, pap., 25 c. .... Rand  
**Westall, Mr. Fortescue, pap., 40 c. .... Appleton**  
 — *Same*, pap., 20 c. .... Lovell  
**Woolley, A Girl Graduate, \$1.50. .... Houghton**  
**Wood, The Englishman of the Rue Cain, pap., 25 c. .... Lippincott**  
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